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A Syrian Evangelist.

Mr. (Khawaja) Ibrahim Katiby is an evangelist who has been in charge for some time past in the Kalamoon district of the field, after first having his capacity for imparting knowledge tried in the teaching of the mixed school at Rashaya. Unlike most native preachers of the present day, he has not wished to adopt European costume.

His only modification of native attire has been the buttoned-up vest and long thick coat, which he has worn instead of

MR. IBRAHIM KATIBY,

the zouave jacket. In travelling he finds the native head-dress the best protection from the sun. It consists of the kafeeyah and the 'aggal. The first, or large square of silk or cotton folded in bias, is kept in place by two rolls of woollen material, or aggal; the opposite hanging corners of stuff are then crossed and fastened up round the rolls, and neck and face are covered, except the eyes. His education, his theological training, and some knowledge of medicine, had prepared him for the work in which he was alone for many years; but his natural love of high Arabic proved an obstacle which, for a time, he had difficulty in surmounting, pulpit language lending itself to forms of expression not just 'understanded' of the common people.

In a Bible lesson, however, his instruction of the simple is admirable. Like other Syrian teachers, he has studied the Scriptures by themselves, commentaries not not having been procurable until lately. For this reason he can expound the Word with a power and an individuality of treatment from which the best students in any land might profit; while the illustrations in the passages themselves, or those suitable in explanation, being taken from every-day life in the Land of the Bible, make direct appeal to the most ordinary intelligence.

To the three stations at which Mr. Ibrahim at first preached was added a fourth a few years ago. This was Hafar, whose inhabitants belong to the old Syriac or Jacobite church, and where the Syriac translation of the Scriptures is used, one said to be superior to the excellent Arabic version of Dr. Van Dyck.

Here the thirsting for the Word of the few men who have united with the Protestant communion is one of the most cheering facts in the work. The simple people conduct Sabbath and week-day services by themselves; they do as did the inquirers of old, 'who spake one with another' of spiritual matters; and when too difficult questions arise they keep them in mind for the evangelist or missionary, whom they expect to be equal to answering all.

In his medical capacity Mr. Ibrahim's reputation is unique; for years the family doctor through his extensive district, his common sense, his prudent employment of simple medicines, and his skill in diagnosing have enabled him to avoid mistakes, so that no other is esteemed as he, not even the government doctor, though of Beyrout college training, and provided with official diploma. Mr. Ibrahim's own son, an M.D., occupies the secondary position; when in holiday time he would wish to lessen his father's labors, he is tolerated in his father's absence, and respected as his son; but it is the man of experience who is wanted.

A work on which the evangelist and doctor has employed his leisure for many years has been the allegorical reduction of Scripture, as the history of the Church, to the form of an Eastern tale, where the personality of the characters representing the Church, Christ himself, and the powers of good and evil, are developed with a talent little below genius. The work, completed for some time, has not yet been given to the public owing to present want of funds.—'Irish Missionary Herald.'

'Honor the Holy Ghost.'

In the summer of 1859 I was teaching a class of small boys in the Sabbath School of Bedford Congregational Church, Brooklyn. A large accession to my class of boys of German parentage led me to visit their homes, and I found between Brooklyn and East New York, then known as New Brooklyn, a large settlement of German tailors.

In September of that year I hired a store at the corner of Patchen avenue and Chauncey street, and, with the help of another young man, started a Mission Sunday-school. The first Sunday we had 38, the second 72, and the third 112. We had our hands full. A year and a half later we had begged the money to buy four lots on the corner of Rochester avenue and Herkimer street, where we built a pretty chapel and moved into it, adopting the name, 'Rochester Avenue Mission.' We had occupied it about a year, when we had a visit from Dwight L. Moody. One Saturday in 1862, about noon, I was walking down Nassau street, New York, and observed before me one of our mission school teachers, Mr. C. K. Howlett. He turned down Ann street. 'Can it be that he is going in by the back door to the Fulton street prayer-meeting?' I asked myself. 'Well, if Howlett can afford to spend an hour in prayer in the middle of the day, I guess I can.' So I followed, and caught him just as he entered the church. The settees were very close together and the room was packed like a box of sardines.

A young man from Chicago spoke and told some wonderful experiences. I said to Mr. Howlett, 'When they stand to sing the last hymn, I will slip to the aisle and go for that young man and get him to come to our

school to-morrow.' (It was Quarterly Sunday, when we always had an outsider to speak). I made the attempt, but before I could get to him he was surrounded by a dozen men, all questioning him. I caught his eye at last and I said, 'Stranger, will you go to my Sunday-school to-morrow?' 'Can't go; got an engagement at Lee avenue.' 'Come to us first,' I persisted, 'for we meet half an hour earlier than they do, and are not far from them. We are on Fulton avenue; the cars pass the door.' 'Can't go; never ride in cars on Sunday,' was the ready answer.

At this I jumped forward, shoved one man to the right, another to the left, and I was face to face with this strange young man. He was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, full of fire, a model of manly strength and beauty. I said, 'We need you so much, I won't take no for an answer. I'll have a carriage to meet you at Fulton Ferry, and bring you to our school; also, when we are through with you, to take you to Lee avenue and get you there in time.' He drew back, looked me over as if he would say, 'What kind of a beggar are you?' Then, with a jerk, he whipped out of his vest pocket a silicate tablet, and, handing it to me, said: 'Write it down there.' I wrote and handed it to him. He read it, and said curtly: 'I'll be there.'

When he entered the school, Mr. John G. Fay, of the Sands Street Methodist Church, was speaking. We sang a hymn, and I then turned to Mr. Moody. He went down the two steps at the side of the platform, stepped forward to the first class, and for half an hour poured out his soul in wonderful exhortation and story. Then, kneeling on the floor, he prayed. There were no dry eyes in that crowded room. As he went toward the door, he spoke to one and another, right and left, and was gone.

Next Monday I was again at the Fulton street noon prayer meeting. As soon as it closed, Mr. Moody came to me and said, 'Has that young man become a Christian who sat in the front seat?' 'Not to my knowledge.' 'You don't tell me so! I have been praying for him all the morning.'

I met Mr. Moody many times afterwards, but he never again referred to his first visit to our school. Some fourteen or fifteen years after that visit, he (Moody) was engaged to speak in the Bedford Church, Brooklyn, and he was, with myself, the guest of Mr. C. D. Wood, on St. Mark's avenue. Seated at the table, he had no sooner asked a blessing then he said to our host, abruptly, 'By the way, there was an incident which happened to me when I was with this man,' pointing over his shoulder toward me, 'that influenced me probably more than any single incident of my life. It was when I first began to speak. I had come down to New York, and he met me and got me out to his little school. I was getting into the carriage to go away when some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned, and saw an old man, with white hair blowing in the wind, and his finger pointing at me. He said, "Young man, when you speak again, Honor the Holy Ghost!" I got into the carriage and drove away, but the voice was continually ringing in my ears; yet I did not understand it. It was six months afterwards before God revealed to me the meaning of that message—that I was entirely dependent upon the Holy Spirit. From that day to this, I seldom stand before a great audience where I don't see that old man, with his outstretched finger, and hear his voice, "Honor the Holy Ghost!" Cutter, do you know who that old man was?'

I told him I did not. We had no teacher in our school who would answer the description. A few weeks later, Mr. Moody held several meetings in Dr. Talmage's church, and at one of them he related the story. I afterwards met Mr. D. O. Calkins, a neighbor, who asked me if I had read in the 'Eagle' Mr. Moody's story 'Honor the Holy Ghost.' I replied, 'Why, certainly; it happened at our school.' 'But do you know who the old man was?' 'No.' 'Don't you remember that Mr. Lee's church, of which I was a member, was broken up and scattered? For four months I had no church home, and during that time you came for me to go out to your school, and take for three Sabbaths the class of a teacher who was out of town, and I went. One of those days, this young man, Moody, from Chicago, spoke. I said to myself, "he means well, but this is all transient, I must speak to him." Twice I started to do so, but sat down again, thinking it was none of my business. At last, when he had gone out, I felt I must go and speak to him; but had no time to get my hat.'

The late Edward Hawley told of being with Mr. Moody somewhere about the time of this incident in a revival at a Sunday-school Convention at Springfield, Ill. On their return to Chicago, they were telling in the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association what great things had been done, when Col. Hammond, of the Rock Island Railway, broke in; 'You are telling us what Hawley did, and what Moody did; but I want to tell you that neither of you did anything, for the Holy Spirit alone can change the heart.' I wonder if this message from God, through Col. Hammond, was that to which Mr. Moody referred when he said, 'Six months afterwards, God revealed to me that I was entirely dependent upon the Holy Ghost.' At a commemorative service held in Dr. Carson's church, in January, 1890, I heard Mr. . C. McWilliams say, that when a committee waited on Mr. Moody to invite him to speak in the Brooklyn Rink, he said it was in Brooklyn, when he was beginning his work, that he had received from God a message which has affected him more than any single incident of his life.—John D. Cutter, in 'Christian Herald.'

Down by the River.

(Mrs. M. A. Hoit, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Once I was suddenly brought down into the valley, through which flows the mysterious stream that people call 'the river of Death.' Everything was new and strange, and at first I shivered with fear, and tried to shrink back from crossing over, as I thought I must do. The place seemed cold and shadowy, and the grey waves broke in cheerless silence upon the river shore at my feet. But I could not go away, for the fire of life was burning low upon its altar. The fever flame was at last ebbing away, and when it finally spent its force, nothing remained to represent life but a faint heart and fluttering pulse. Days went onward, but the great world seemed farther and farther away, so remote from me that I could not catch a single sound of its crash and din. I thought of it as I now think of the faint stars away off in the hazy nebula, and my past life seemed to go almost entirely out of memory. At times a weary stretch of immensity appeared between me and the world, and again, a great eternal sea, across which no white sail ever came. The lights burned lower still, and often I thought they were flickering out in the chill breeze from off the lonely river. I was too weak to moan or pray, and I could only think a prayer as the sweet angel reason came back at intervals to me. I only had one wish in those silent days, and that was to come nearer the Divine Friend that I had been following, but a long ways off. Oh, how I wanted to feel just one hand-clasp, to assure me that he was near!

An answer to my unprayed prayer came one day. An unseen hand grasped mine, and I felt myself drawn up into strong, tender arms. Soon I was nestling to a great true heart, and that moment everything was changed. The dull grey of the river turned to shining gold and sweet whispers came to my ears. Some were sweet and new, and some strangely familiar, just as I used to hear them before the grass grew green over beloved faces. I could see across the shining river into a glorified city right on its green banks. I cannot think of any words to describe the scene. I wish that there was language in keeping with the view of the glorified life, but as there is not, the beautified vision 'down by the river' must forever remain hidden in my soul. O how I longed to go over, but my heart kept on its fitful beating, and my pulse would still flutter. I cared nothing about the far-off world, and yet one day-dawn I opened my eyes, and the morning-glories and June roses, wet with dew, were peeping into my room. They had clambered up about my window and were the first to greet me as I come back to the old life. Then I knew that my humble work was not quite done, but as I still felt the strong 'clasp,' I cared not whether I lived or died. I could only smile out the great joy that filled my soul, and say in my heart what my tired lips could not. It mattered not then whether life or death was before me, as long as Christ remained so sweetly near. Everything in this world was changed too, and even the bright flowers rustling in the soft morning seemed to wear the glory hue. I tried to tell the sweet glad story to a human friend, but my tongue would not move until strength came to me.

O how sweet is the angel of sorrow, when she throws off her sombre robes and we are clasped in her loving arms, purified by her work.

A Rescue.

One of the best women in a Presbyterian church in a western city made this confession to her pastor: 'I have been deeply interested in so-called Christian Science. You have not said much about it in the pulpit, but have preached uncompromisingly the deity of Jesus Christ. I found myself offended. I could hardly listen to you. Last Sunday afternoon, alone in my room, I asked myself, why? Very soon I was in agony. I saw what I had not before seen, that listening to those who deny a personal God, I no longer worshipped Jesus. I had been turning my back upon my Lord! I know that that meant apostacy. I fell upon my face, feeling that I was sinking into an abyss. I cried out of the depths: Jesus, save me or I perish. I could say nothing more, but that sufficed for me, as it did for Peter. He answered: Though thou hast loosened thy hold, I have not loosened mine. From the beginning I have chosen thee. None shall pluck thee out of my hand. Thou are safe, my child, fear not.' There was a great bonfire of Christian Science literature that Sunday afternoon in the back yard of the home of this 'elect lady,' and after that her pastor had no supporter more spiritual and devoted than she.—T. O. Lowe, in 'Episcopal Recorder.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Curly Walnut.

(By Alice Morgan, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

The little boy sat on the prize pumpkin that his grandfather had placed in front of the house to challenge the comment of passers-by. He was chewing sorghum-cane between selections from a doubtful hymnology:

'Give me that old-time aligion,
Give me that old-time aligion.
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It is good enough for me.'

His Aunt Carolina—the child was an orphan—stood on the porch spinning stocking-yarn, while near her sat his grandfather, old Colonel Ledbetter, cobbling shoes as diligently and contentedly as if born bred to that lowly occupation instead of being a forehanded farmer, holding county and township offices.

'Thomas J. certainly is a good singer,' said Carolina. 'He can carry the tune of every last hymn he hears 'em sing down to church, and he can carry the words, too, clean up to twenty verses, I reckon, and he can make up a plenty, too.'

The old man laid down his implements, and looked fondly and proudly at his grandson.

Carolina let her eyes range along the highroad.

'Here comes ol' man Sumter,' she said.

'You say Cap'n Sumter's a-comin'?' asked her father, and he got up and went out to the road. At his signal, his neighbor twitched Sal to a stand and stared at him.

Colonel Ledbetter had pleasant information to impart. He lifted one foot to the fore wheel and looked hard into the road lest his eyes should forestall his tongue as the bearer of good news.

'You sold me them 'leven wa'nut-trees on Sundown Hill for thirty dollars apiece,' he said.

'I reckon that's 'bout how the case stands.' The hard old face looked steadily at the smiling one, and not a line softened.

'Well, sir,' the pleasant eyes looked up with a sparkle, 'there's a little mistake about one of 'em, an' I expect we'd better rectify it right now—'

'G'long!' Old man Sumter hit the mule a 'lick,' saying viciously as she sprang forward, 'You got the timber, an' I got the money, an' I don't rectify no mistakes now! You're old enough to have knowed what you was gettin' 'fore you paid for 'em.'

'Jes' as you please, Sam Sumter.' The indignant old gentleman spoke in a tone of supreme indifference, and turned toward the house. 'I've had my men up there a-fellin' them trees, and that one furthest up the hill is a curly wa'nut. Five years ago I sold one like it for twelve hundred dollars, and I could have given you points 'bout sellin' yours; bnt seein' you don't rectify mistakes, why, that's all there is about it, and we'll stick to the bargain.'

Again Sal was jerked up, and twisting round on a pivotal hand pressed to the seat, old man Sumter regarded his interlocutor with intense concern. But Colonel Ledbetter proceeded to the house without looking right or left, and his ireful neighbor went on his way.

Colonel Ledbetter resumed his seat, and his grandson came and leaned against him.

'Looks like he's plumb mad, granddaddy.'

'Ye-e-s, he is, Thomas J., he's plumb mad, and he's been so ever since I've known him, and that's mighty nigh sixty years. He would't take notice to me just now when I was going to put more than a thousand dollars right into his hand; it would mighty nigh have paid off that mortgage that's been skinning him these twenty years. Thomas J., don't you ever go to bein' mad at everybody all the time. It's not Christian, and more than that, it kind of spoils your aim, so that you don't bring down any game.'

COLONEL LEDBETTER HAD PLEASANT INFORMATION TO IMPART.

'Was he born that-a-way, granddaddy?'

'I expect he was, Thomas J., I expect he was.'

'I'm mighty sorry for him.' The little fellow twisted his hands together and looked afar. 'It's powerful mizzable to be born with ways that you can't help.'

The old man's attention and sympathy were his in an instant. 'Don't you go to taking on about that, Thomas J.,' he said, drawing his arm tightly about the child. 'You're bound to outgrow that before long.'

The 'that' to which he referred was a sleep-walking habit to which the child was addicted, and of which he was so desperately ashamed that the fear of being caught in the act was the burden of his little life.

'What's curly wa'nuts good for, granddaddy?' Thomas J. asked, after a while.

'They're good for veneering, grandson. You see,this is how 'tis: They don't saw the logs through like they do down to Campbell's sawmill, but they saw 'em round and round, into sheets mighty nigh as thin as writin'-paper. There hadn't ought to be any cuts or holes in it, so they can make the sheets as long as the log itself. And they'll saw that log up till there ain't a core left that's as thick as my arm.'

'What can they make out of timber that's thin as writin'-paper, granddaddy?'

Then, to the extent of his own imperfect knowledge of the veneering process, the old man explained it to the child.

'So far as I know,' he said, addressing his daughter, 'there are only three veneering-mills in the country. When I sold my tree I wrote a letter to all three of 'em and told 'em what I had to sell; and

they wrote back and made me a offer—only that Kentucky fellow, he's the nearest by, and he made out like he had business down in this direction, and stopped round to see it; and 'twas him I sold the tree to.

'And I aimed to work it just that-a-way for Cap'n Sumter; I aimed to write the letters for him,—for he ain't a mite handy with a pen, Sam Sumter ain't,—a education is a mighty handy thing to get hold of, Thomas J., and I meant to get in the three bids for the tree, and let him take up ary one he saw fit.'

'You've sure done your duty by him now, daddy, and I hope you'll let him alone and sell your tree for yourself. I expect you'll get a pretty for it. That tree's yours anyway you can fix it.'

'Is it yours, granddaddy?' asked the boy.

'It's mine by rule o' law, Thomas J., but I don't know as it's mine by that golden rule that you and Preacher Carr let on to know so much about.'

His doting grandparent considered the child a prodigy of ethical understanding or 'judgment,' as he would have expressed it, and although he was continually plying him with information and advice on all sorts of subjects, it was no uncommon thing for him to consult the little fellow even in matters of moment. It was as if he stored his maxims and admonitions into the child's intellect, and then requisitioned it for them in convenient form for practical use.

'What's your opinion, Thomas J.?'

'Me an' you, granddaddy,' said the boy, quickly, 'me an' you we don't want anything that ain't sure 'nough ours, do we?'

'No-o, sir-ee! That settles it, Car'liny; Thomas J. and I, we want a golden-rule title to everything we claim.'

So Colonel Ledbetter laboriously indited the letters to the veneering-mills, while out in the shadow of the prize pumpkin his grandson cracked butternuts for the tame gray squirrels. But all the while new ideas were whirling through the little boy's head, and they centred in that curly walnut.

That night a little human figure, bareheaded, barefooted, and clad in a single loosely hanging garment, came out of the Ledbetter house. Although the eyes were partly shut and the night was dark, it made no false or stumbling step. Dixie, the yellow dog, came yawning and stretching to the edge of the porch, then bounded forward until he came abreast, when, demurely dropping head and tail, he fell behind, but kept so close that the little wind-blown shirt fluttered in his face.

When half a mile had been traversed, a branching waggon-track, scarcely discernible even in the daytime, led up to some bars in the worn fence that outlined the road. The little dreamer climbed over and took the rough road beyond without a sign of doubt or hesitation. The path zigzagged through the woods, but steadily upward to where those walnut-trees, with a goodly company of oak, chestnut and whitewood, had crowned a summit.

Although tempted from the path of duty by many a springing cottontail, Dixie kept close behind his master, until the sound of an axe came thudding through the forest, at which he cocked his remnant of ears, stood for a second on the qui vive, then shot away.

He returned panting, and, placing himself in front of the little sleep-walker, tried to head him in a different direction; but the child only swerved and continued his upward course. Dixie grabbed in his teeth the border of the little shirt, and gave such a sudden and powerful jerk that Thomas J. came tumbling backward into a bed of galax.

He righted himself, heaved a slow, sobbing sigh, and became his conscious self—a little boy alone at night in the dark, silent woods. He laid his head upon Dixie's neck and had his cry out, and then got upon his feet, once more a practical mountaineer.

He knew that downward must be homeward, and cautiously he began to grope for his footing. Then again the sound of that axe same cleaving the silence; and this time Thomas J. heard it as plainly as Dixie did.

He turned to investigate the chopping, Dixie following contentedly, now that his master was himself again. The undergrowth had become thinner as they had ascended; and soon they came out where the great trees rose in stately exclusiveness unintruded upon by lesser growths. Here the darkness was less dense, stars looked down through rifts in the leafy canopy, and a little farther up the hill one fixed star gleamed scarcely ten feet from the ground, as if intercepted upon an earthward trip and impaled upon a bough. In its dim circle of light the boy could discern the figure of the wood-chopper.

All at once a suspicion of his whereabouts entered his head. Yes, there was the log and the stump from which it had been cut; and green chips littering the ground. He explored further. Near by lay another log, just over there another—why, they were all about him! He knew perfectly well where he was. He was on old man Sumter's hil, and there were his grandfather's walnut-trees!

But that man! Why was he here in the dark, dark night chopping away with might and main? The boy made his way towards him.

Why, it was old man Sumter himself, and that log he was hacking was the curly walnut, for it was the one highest on the hillside And he was 'right mad' at that curly, too,—just as grandfather said he was always mad at everything,—for he kept talking right ugly to it!

'Hi!' The child sprang forward and caught the old man by the coat-tails. 'Wake up! Oh, wake up! Don't you see what you're a-doin'?'

Thomas J. tugged and shouted, Dixie barked and leaped and growled, and the echoes multiplied the tumult. Stunned by the suddenness of the attack, the old man let the axe slip from his hand, and backed round against the log.

'What be you, anyway?' he asked, quaveringly, sinking to a seat upon the log.

'Why, I'm Thomas J., granddaddy's grandson.'

The boy looked the old man over with a face full of compassion. Here was a big man afflicted just as he was, and that fellow-feeling which makes us all so wondrous kind enthralled him.

'Are you sure you're broad awake now?' he asked, coming very close and laying his hand upon the old man's knee. 'It's awful to walk in your sleep; I feel mighty sorry for you.'

He scrambled up on the log, wriggled himself as close to the man as he could, took his coarse, limp old hand, patted it, and laid it against his cheek. 'I walk in my sleep, too. That's how I came out tonight—but you've got it worse than me, you have; for I don't do mischief when I'm took, but you—why-e-e-e'—twisting himself about and surveying the log—'you've done hacked your tree all to pieces, and 'twon't be no more good for veneerin'! Granddaddy says they don't want nary snag in it. I certainly am sorry for you! Granddaddy wrote three letters 'bout this tree, and he was goin' to turn the answers over to you so's you could take up with ary one you'd a mind to—that's what he said.'

'You say he did? Didn't he 'low he'd bought the tree fair 'nough?'

'That ain't the way he thought about it—and me an' granddaddy, you know, we don't want anything that ain't sure 'nough ours. He said you could sell it and pay all you owed.'

For a moment sad, silent thought held sway.

'There's one good thing about it, though.' The child tucked his garment tightly under his knees. 'You don't get out without dressin' yourself, the way I do; you ought to be glad about that. Granddaddy says there's always some good even in the baddest things, if we watch out for it.'

His companion made no response, and the boy got down off the log and pityingly took his hand.

'Let's go home,' he said. 'I know where I am now, and if you're kind of mixed up yet, why, I can show you the trail,' and he led away as shamefaced an old sinner as ever trod the mountains.

They parted at Sumter's door, and then Thomas J. and Dixie sped homeward. Noiselessly the little fellow entered the house, crept into bed beside his Aunt Carolina, and straightway forgot his 'missable' inheritance.

But he had it embarrassingly recalled to his mind the next morning at breakfast when Aunt Car'lina said, as she gave him his second helping of hominy:

'Thomas J.'s getting right good 'bout stayin' in bed of nights; he ain't tried to get up in a dog's age.'

'I reckon he's outgrowin' that kind of capers,' said the colonel.

The yellow pate bent lower and lower, and finally the whole boy went down under the table.

He tagged dumbly at the heels of the old gentleman as he was making his morning tour among his stock.

'Pears like you ain't a mite peart this morning, Thomas J.,' said the old gentleman. 'You got something on your mind?'

The child bored the soil with his toes. 'I—wasn't in bed all night, granddaddy, not every minute, I wasn't.'

'You been a-walkin' in your sleep again?'

The culprit nodded guiltily, and a very awkward pause ensued. Then grandfather, as usual, applied the balm of consolation. 'I wouldn't take on about it, Thomas J., not a mite I wouldn't, for you're plumb sure to outgrow it. Where was you at last night, grandson?'

'When I come to, I was up where them wa'nut-trees is.'

'Was you 'way off there?' Grandfather settled to a seat on a waggon-tongue and put an arm about the boy, who grew suddenly voluble in the recollection of stirring times.

'Hi, granddaddy! Cap'n Sumter he walks in his sleep just like me! He does a heap of things in his sleep! And he talks right out loud, too; that's a heap worse'n me, ain't it?'

'If he does, it, it's a heap worse'n you. Did you meet up with him last night?'

'Why, he was a-doin' mischief, he was!

He was choppin' up that curly wa'nut, and every lick he hit, he says, "Now will you bring twelve hundred dollars for veneerin'?" an' he chopped big holes in it!'

'That curly?'

'Yes. That one that lays furtherest up the hill.'

The old man loosened his hold of the lad and rose slowly to his feet. There was a look on his face that Thomas J. could only vaguely interpret, but it made him feel sorry for his companion in misery. So he took his grandfather's hand, and as they walked toward the house he discoursed:

'He can't help doin' things in his sleep, for he was born that-a-way, an' prob'ly he can't help bein' mad all the time, for he was born that-a-way, too. And I reckon he feels mighty 'shamed of himself now—that's the way I feel. It's powerful mizzable to be born with ways that you can't help.

And grandfather replied:

'So it is, Thomas J., so it is.'

Three days afterward Colonel Ledbetter drove up in front of Colonel Sumter's place. On the seat beside him was a 'city-dressed fellow,' and Thomas J. swung his bare legs over the pendant tail-board.

At his call old man Sumter appeared.

'This man,' said the colonel, 'is the owner of that veneerin-mill in Kentucky. He's come to look at that curly wa'nut; and here's two letters from two other men that run that kind of mills. One of 'em bids 'leven hundred an' fifty dollars, and the other a hundred or two more.'

Sumter fumbled with the letters, affecting even more than his habitual gruffness.

'Looks like you ain't been to look at your prop'ty lately. That curly wa'nut ain't good for veneerin' or nothing else.'

Apparently his neighbor was absorbed in switching a fly off the white mule's back, for he replied, with his eye following the fly: 'I was up there yesterday evening, and 'twas all right then. You jump in 'longside of my boy, and we'll go up an' look at it.' And the embarrassed old man got in, because he did not know what else to do or to say.

When next they halted they were among the felled trees. It was strange, but Colonel Ledbetter's eyes never happened to light on that scarred log as he led his party past it and toward the summit of the hill.

'There are only ten trees lying here,' he said. 'That curly I left standing. Sometimes the man that buys it will give more for it that-a-way because he wants to have it cut particular—sometimes they count on gettin' root and all.

'There she is, neighbor,' he said to the Kentuckian, slapping the old tree's sides as proudly as if it had been a three-year-old thoroughbred and his own, 'and if you don't 'low she's a giant and a beauty, you want to go out of the lumber business.'

He waited to hear his judgment confirmed, and then, hand in hand with his grandson, walked away, leaving Sumter to make his own bargain.

'You see, Thomas J.,' he said, as they came up to the hacked log, 'he was too mad to see straight, and he lit on the wrong tree.'

'Why, granddaddy, he was walking in his sleep!'

'Sure 'nough; granddaddy plumb forgot that part of the story.'

Two days afterward old man Sumter's mule stood sampling a pile of choice limber twigs, while her master sat on the Ledbetter porch. It is difficult to describe the expression of his hard old face. Its obduracy was there, but less marked; as if a thin lava flow of astonishment had hardened upon his features.

'That feller,' he said, ' 'lowed me fo'teen hundred dollars for the curly wa'nut, and yesterday evening I druv over to the co't-house, and nary man's got a nickel's worth of claim on my farm now.'

Colonel Ledbetter grabbed his hand and shook it heartily.

'I certainly am glad, Sam,' he said, 'I certainly am.'

'Looks like you think as you say, Jake,' The old fellow hoisted himself to his feet and got possession of his pocketbook. 'Here's the thirty dollars you give me for the curly, and here's another thirty for the log that got hacked.'

Without another word he stumped out to his waggon, Colonel Ledbetter following in a neighborly way.

Sumter turned into the road, but a second thought made him look back. 'See here.' Colonel Ledbetter went to him. 'That line fence that Higgins has been snarlin' 'bout for twenty years—looks like there's a chance of him bein' in the right of it; and I'm like you and Thomas J., Jake; I don't want nothin' that ain't mine. I don't reckon Higgins'll have anything to say to me, but if you're a mind to go over and talk to him 'bout it, we'll have it straightened out. G'long!'

'Well, what about it?' exclaimed Aunt Dicey next Sunday, pointing to her dingy little wooden clock. 'She's done stopped—a hour ago for all I know. We'll be late to church, and I wouldn't miss what Preacher Carr has got to say this mornin'—not for a pretty. Why, Zeb'lon, they're a-sayin' that ol' man Sumter's sure 'nough got religion!'

'You say he has?'

'Sure 'nough; Mis' Campbell says he's a-restoring fourfold!'

'Thar's the hard-hearted old critter now.'

'Well, what about it? He's a-drivin' up!'

'Hullo in there! Zeb'lon!'

Just within the door, but out of the old man's sight, Aunt Dicey counselled her grandson: 'You speak him fair, Zeb'lon, for they say he sure has got religion, but I'll stand on the po'ch with the gun, whar he can see me good. Maybe that'll keep him from backslidin' all of a suddent.' They went out together.

'I've got a mighty pretty year-old colt up to my place,' said old man Sumter. 'Come of first-class Kentucky stock. If you've a mind to, you can come up and get him to pay for that tame deer I shot. G'long!'

Church was 'out' when Aunt Dicey and Zeb drove up. But the congregation did not disperse; they stood about in groups, discussing the wonderful events of the past week. Preacher Carr came and stood in the doorway.

'Give me that old-time religion!' he sang out lustily, and his people joined joyously in the refrain.

Suly Garrett always led the singing, and she followed him with, 'It was good for the Hebrew children,' and they kept on chanting the efficacy of the 'old-time religion' in the case of 'the prophet Daniel,' 'the good Elijah' and 'the patriarch Abr'am,' and when they had exhausted Suly's list of sacred history heroes, they sang:

'It was good for my dear old mother,
It will be good when the world's on fire.'

And finally they rounded up the catalogue of human experiences and human apprehensions with:

'It will be good when I am dying,
It is good enough for me.'

But Thomas J. was not ready to go home yet, and tugging at Suly's skirt, he piped timorously:

'It will be good while I'm alivin'—'

Probably it was only the antithesis of the thought that inspired his improvisation, but Suly and the rest took it up with all their hearts:

'It will be good while I'm a-livin',
It is good enough for me.'

Say Something Nice.

Don't say it, neighbor, no,
That angry word.
Just let your grievance go—
I'm sure 'twere better so—
By all unheard.
'T will not help him nor you;
Less said, the less to rue.
Yes, let it go unsaid;
Take good advice;
Don't speak to hurt; instead,
Say something nice.

Don't, brothers, be like bears;
It's all your loss.
Smooth down your bristling hairs;
Shake off your fighting airs;
Be sweet, not cross.
Far better, side by side
In love and peace abide.
Yes, boys, don't snarl nor snap
Not once nor twice.
Don't storm nor stamp nor slap;
Say something nice.

Don't—hear me, man and wife—
Scold, scold, and scold.
Too short the days of life
To spend so much in strife;
Your temper hold.
Speak words of love and praise;
Recall your courting days;
Mistakes and faults dismiss;
Melt out the ice,
And, with a smacking kiss,
Say something nice.

Don't, parents, chide and chide
Those bairns so true,
Dear boys and girls bright-eyed,
I know they are your pride;
They love you, too.
Don't speak so much of ill,
Their young hearts so to chill.
Much good they do; to more
Kind yords entice;
Your help their hearts implore;
Say something nice.

Don't, don't, O mortals blest,
Of life complain.
God gives us what is best;
His gifts His love attest;
From plaints refrain.
No gift deserved, you know;
Then, do not murmur so.
Praise, praise for grace to-day
Above all price;
All wails and woes away,
Say something nice.

—Frank Britt, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

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Without References.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

Jack Harvey felt very low in his mind. He had lost his place and he was afraid that it would be hard work to get another. 'It seems,' he said to himself, sitting on the edge of his bed and looking about the bare little room, 'as if I couldn't bear it not to send the money home this week as usual. They need it so much and they count on it. I'll be lucky, though, if I don't have to go home myself, for the family to keep me. That would be nice, wouldn't it?'

Jack set his teeth and went on hurriedly with his dressing. He was exceedingly particular about it this morning. He brushed his clothes very clean, and his hair very smooth, and tied his necktie in the primmest of square little bows. Then he looked at himself in the glass.

'Pretty neat, if I do say it. All the newspapers harp on the value of having your face washed and your hair parted straight when you go out to seek your fortune. It is an awfully interesting thing to do in the fairy tales. But then in them the one that does it is generally a prince and not an ordinary plain citizen. Besides, he is the only person living who can be persuaded to kill the dragon, instead of having to stand up against a hundred other fellows who want the job.'

The last thing that Jack did was to say his prayers. Jack had always said his prayers as far back as he could remember. His mother had trained him to it, and he had a general idea that it was a good thing to do. For the last week or two, however, they had come to mean more to him. His prayers had followed him more through the days; or perhaps I should say that the days had followed his prayers more. He thought of this himself, as he went down the many steps to the street.

'Why was it that just when I was aspiring to being extra good I had to go and make a fool of myself and get shown off the premises? Some things are queer;—a good many things are.'

Half an hour later Jack was sitting in a warehouse on an empty box, waiting with a number of other applicants for the place which he was seeking. It was a tedious business. By and by a woman came from the back of the store with a little boy. 'I will wait her a few minutes,' she said to the clerk. 'I have an appointment.' Glancing about, Jack saw that there was no chair near, so he got off his box and offered that to her for a seat. She thanked him, with a smile, and then Jack noticed how tired and troubled she looked. 'She has something on her mind,' he thought, 'and the boy is driving her crazy. I could take charge of him, but she is such a swell that she would probably faint dead away at the idea.'

The child had some sort of a toy which had come apart, and he was urging his mother to put it together again. She tried to do it in an absent-minded, helpless way, without any success. Jack could not stand this any longer. 'Will you let me do it for you?' He spoke to the boy, but he kept his eye on the mother, who, poor woman, looked not in the least 'high and mighty,' only relieved.

Jack and Billy got along famously. Billy bore 'the heft' of the conversation, as he had great gifts in that direction, an occasional low-toned response from Jack satisfying him entirely.

Presently a loose-jointed negro man shuffled past them. Seeing that his arms were piled high with bundles, Jack good-naturedly opened the door for him. Before he could shut it, Billy's father appeared in the street outside. He had a very cheerful air, and Jack was glad to see that, after an interchange of sentences, a smile flashed into the lady's face.

'Say, "Good-by," Billy,' she said, glancing at Jack, 'and say "Thank you." We both thank you very much,' she added, cordially, and then Jack was left again to his empty box and his reflections. It was not for long, however; for soon a gentleman, who had been somewhere out of sight, walked up to him. 'I will see you now in the office,' he said, and forthwith he set out briskly toward the recesses of the warehouse.

Jack followed into a small, bright room, littered with papers. They sat down opposite each other. 'You are here in answer to our advertisement?' asked the gentleman, who, as Jack guessed correctly, was Mr. Henningham himself. Jack bowed.

'Let me see your references.'

Jack braced himself. 'I have none.'

'Humph!' Mr. Henningham stroked his smooth-shaven chin and looked up at the ceiling. He was visibly surprised. 'You should have, you know.'

Jack was silent. He knew it very well.

'But perhaps,' said Mr. Henningham, turning his keen eyes on Jack's face, 'you are a stranger in the city and this is your first attempt to get a situation.'

Jack hesitated. It was so slight a hesitation as to be almost imperceptible, but it was long enough for at least two thoughts to flash through his mind. He saw his mother as he saw her last from the car platform, smiling at him to the end.

'Mother is a proud woman and a good one. She would rather I should starve than lie.' Close upon this came the second thought, as swift and as revealing as a lightning flash: 'I believe that I am proud enough,—maybe even something like good enough, to feel so myself.'

Jack's courage came back. It was like tingling fire in his veins. He lifted his head and looked straight into Mr. Henningham's eyes.

'I have been in the city several months. I was with Smith and Brown until yesterday.'

'You left?' asked Mr. Henningham, politely.

'I was asked to go. It was my own fault. I made a fool of myself, lost my temper, and'—

'And your place,' interrupted Mr. Henningham, rising as though to bring the interview to an end. 'I am very sorry, but we have to make very strict rules about recommendations.'

The disappointment was not overwhelming to Jack; he had not expected to succeed in his first attempt.

But at night when he dragged himself up the steep steps of his boarding house he was thoroughly disheartened. 'My mind is as tired as my body,' he muttered; 'it aches through and through like my bones. I used to wonder what that meant; now I know. If this keeps up I'll soon know a good many things that I used only to read about.'

He sat down on the edge of his bed just where he had sat in the morning.

'The difference is that I am worse off now by all the chances that I have tried to-day and that turned out to be nothing. I can't see any reason why they shouldn't keep right on turning out that way.' He sighed impatiently. My pluck's gone after one day! How can a man keep stiff when he feels his spine changing into cotton batting? I guess I'll read the little mother's letter again; she writes first-rate letters for bolstering any one up.'

He put his hands in his pockets one after another, but no letter was there. It was not a great matter, but, for some reason, it seemed to Jack that this was the finishing stroke of his misfortunes. He felt as though a great black gulf opened yawningly at his feet, from which there was no escape.

He did not know how long it was before there was a knock at the door, and a voice called to him, 'Here's mail'; and he heard something light fall on the floor outside. He got up quickly in his relief. 'Another minute and I'd have been over! This sort of thing is uncommonly bad for the nerves.'

Jack looked with surprise at the direction on the envelope which he found at his door. But when he broke it open his mother's letter was inside. 'I dropped it somewhere, and it has been sent back. Good for their city business ways!'

He passed his finger lovingly along the line of small, old-time writing. It was almost as though he had put his hand into the wrinkled, steadfast one that had guided him so bravely through the helpless years. When he read, his mother's voice spoke to him the words of strength and hope which her voice had always spoken.

Twice over he read it and then absently began to put it back into the envelope in which it had come. It did not go in readily; Jack saw that there was something in the way, and drew out a single sheet of closely written paper. As he turned this over his eye caught the sentences at the end:—

'I have written hurriedly in strictest confidence. Think about it and let me hear from you early to-morrow. In such matters time is money. Yours, etc.,

JAMES HENNINGHAM,
'Per F.'

Below was the date and farther down an address. At the top of the other page was the number 3.

'Written to-day,' commented Jack, 'and put in with mine by mistake. It might be a pretty serious mistake, and rough on "F," for rushing business men do not like their climaxes cut down.'

During the next ten minutes Jack's thought of his own discouraging outlook was much distracted. 'I declare I feel sorry for that chap. Unless all signs fail he has made trouble for himself. If I wasn't so tired'— He looked at the address and groaned.

'A good mile each way, and my bones ready now to fold up under me! Still, I have a fellow-feeling for him; I know what it is to be out of a job. But the point is that fellow-feeling will not help him much after he is once out of it. Moreover, he did me a good turn, and since I can't take him sailing in my private yacht I suppose I must discharge the obligation on foot.'

So Jack started out on his long trip, which brought him to the door of a substantial residence. As the servant admitted him, a gentleman, passing through the hall, overheard a word or two and came forward.

'You are Mr. Rogers?' asked Jack, holding out the paper.

'Ah, yes,' said Mr. Rogers, catching at it with a brightening face. 'This improves matters very much. Learn to avoid carelessness, young man, at the beginning; it will save steps at least, and sometimes far more essential things.'

Without leaving time for an answer, Mr. Rogers turned off with an abrupt 'Good-night,'

and a minute later Jack was in the street again.

Early the next morning he went to Henningham's warehouse. 'F.' will be worried lest I know some of the state secrets of the firm. I am not sure that I can convince him that I don't, but I'll try. When you undertake anything you might as well finish it off with a neat selvege edge, especially when you are not borne down by engagements. Unfortunately, time is not money for us all.'

Jack easily got speech of 'F.,' who was Mr. Henningham's secretary and whose name was Fowler. This young man was considerably startled by Jack's report; he was considerably relieved that the missing sheet had got into Mr. Roger's hands, and was very cordially grateful.

'The only trouble is,' Jack reminded him, 'that I might have read it. As a matter of fact I did not, but I can give you nothing but my word for that.'

Fowler's face clouded over again. For a brief space of time he stared down with knitted brows at the columns of the great ledger spread out before him. 'You have done me a big favor already,' he said, at last. But if you have half an hour or so to spare'—

'All my half hours are to spare,' Jack broke in, 'worse luck for me!' He was left to himself for perhaps ten minutes; then Fowler come back with the message than Mr. Henningham would like to see him in his office.

Jack gave a nod of approval. 'You told him!' he said. 'It was the best way.'

The two young men—the discharged clerk and the confidential clerk— looked into each other's eyes with mutual understanding.

When Jack was seated across the table from Mr. Henningham, he searched the cold, shrewd face for a sign of recognition. But he did not find it. 'That's odd!' he said to himself. 'When I first came in I thought he knew me.'

Mr. Henningham proceeded to ask Jack a number of questions which he could not answer, since they were entirely unintelligible to him. Being satisfied finally of this, Mr. Henningham leaned back in his chair and gazed up at the ceiling.

'If you had come to me first this morning,' he said, thoughtfully, 'I could have understood your motives. As it is I am curious to know why you have taken so much trouble for Fowler.'

'Because,' answered Jack, with some spirit, 'I chose to do him a good turn. Were you ever out of work?'

'No, never!' said Mr. Henningham, with a nervous glance about him at the many piles of papers. 'Are you from the country!' he added, after another pause.

'Yes,' said Jack, while he asked himself, 'Does the old pessimist think that no good turns are ever done in the city?'

'So I thought,' said Mr. Henningham. 'Young man,' he went on, abruptly, 'didn't you know that an honorable firm like Smith & Brown would give you a recommendation if you were worth it, in spite of having discharged you for impertinence?'

The suddenness of the attack bewildered Jack. It was a trait of his youth that he was more ashamed of his proof of inexperience just at that moment, than he was delighted at the hopefulness of the suggestion. He said nothing.

'I was hasty yesterday,' continued Mr. Henningham. 'I don't like to find that I have been hasty; it is a great weakness. I singled you out from the other applicants as the one I wanted, and it upset me when you tried to play off a cheap trick on me, as I thought. However, I filled the place with onen of the other young men, who seems to take hold very well. But it was weak—undeniably weak. One should investigate.'

Jack felt his resentment rise against such selfishness, as he called it. 'All he thinks of is keeping his own set of business faculties sharp. What difference does another man's bread and butter make to him?'

Mr. Henningham stood up as though once more to bring the interview to an end in that way. Jack rose with him.

'Are you ready to begin?' asked Mr. Henningham.

'Begin?' stammered Jack. 'I beg your pardon?'

Mr. Henningham smiled. Fowler might have told Jack that all the clerks in the establishment knew that smile, and many of them were willing to work for it like wages.

'You are plainly from the depths of the country,' said Mr. Henningham, 'or you would know that I can by no means afford to let such material go out of my office a second time. The business men learn that there is a steady demand in the market for courtesy to high and low alike, also for truth-telling, and for readiness to do a "good turn," and for the self-control that will not pry into other people's private affairs. Therefore, when we have reason to believe that we can get hold of all these valuable qualities in one cluster, so to speak, we do it. That's simple, isn't it?'

'It's very—jolly,' answered Jack.

'As it happens,' said Mr. Henningham, 'the only situation that I can offer you just now draws twice the salary of the one you applied for. It is the best that I can do for myself under the circumstances; I suppose it satisfies you?'

Jack tried to express his thanks rather unsuccessfully.

'I dare say,' said Mr. Henningham, laying his hand an Jack's shoulder, 'that off there in the country there is some good woman who has been praying for you all your life.'

'All my life,' said Jack, reverently, forgetting to be surprised at such speech from the hard-headed man of affairs.

'I thought so! I thought so! In the line of human nature it is generally the mothers that furnish us the high-grade articles.'

A Sunday Treat in India.

Letters from the missionaries in India make very real to us the pleasure and benefit they are deriving from the visit of the deputation. That they are not the only ones who are being made happy is evident from some recent news. Mr. Whittemore writes from Arrupukottai: 'There is a boarding school at this place of 150 boys and girls. I gave them last week five rupees for a Sunday treat, and there has been great excitement for several days. The amount allows about one American cent for each child—not a very munificent sum. But there have been solemn conferences as to how it should be spent; the missionaries and teachers have been consulted, and all the resources of the school, in the line of mathematics, have been taxed to the utmost to determine just how much each scholar could have in case certain things were purchased. At last the decision was made. Plantains of a certain kind—so as to have the greatest number for the money—a kind of parched pea, which is very good eating, and something made of rice flour, which tastes to me like wood shavings.' Mrs. Hazen of the Madura Mission also describes the delight of the children over this gift and their efforts to choose the materials for their feast, little groups of them gathering here and there with slates and pencils to work out the momentous problem. Then, after the plantains (three apiece) and the peas and flaked rice were determined on, there were other details to be settled. How much would fall to the children of each family, and would the teachers share the treat with the children? On the whole, the event was productive of much practical arithmetic. Mrs. Hazen reports that the school thanked Mr. Whittemore with a smile which he said was the longest he ever saw, extending from the first little face all down the long row and over the whole group without a single break.—'The Congregationalist.'

Do you know God is making you into an image of himself? Don't spoil that image with selfish thoughts and bad tempers.

Jesus Christ was meek and mild,
And no angry thoughts allowed;
Oh, then shall a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud?
—Selected.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of July 12, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

King Edward's Progress Towards Recovery—'American Medicine.'
Coronation Day in London: Service at St. Paul's—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Parliament at St. Margaret's—'Manchester Guardian.'
The Sound of a Nation's Rejoicing—'The Pilot,' London.
How should We Rejoice?—'Illustrated London News.'
Imperialism in Peace—'The Nation,' New York.
The Economic Position of India—By Stuart J. Reid, in 'The Weekly Survey,' London.
At a Tweed Shiel—'The Pilot,' London.
National Religion—'Daily News,' London.
The Late Lord Acton—By the Master of Peterhouse, in the 'Manchester Guardian.'
Products of the Canadian Forests—By E. B. Osborn, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
A Bribe or a Legitimate Offer—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
A French Defence of Free Trade—'Daily News,' London.
The Late Bey of Tunis—'Commercial Advertiser.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Study of Art—By Russell Sturgis, in the New York 'Times.'
Coronation Music—New York 'Daily Tribune.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Premonitions—Poem, by Robert Underwood Johnson.
Until You Came—Poem, by Herminie Templeton, in 'McClure's Magazine.'
Recent Verse—'The Times,' London.
Words—'The Spectator,' London.
'Martello Tower,' in China and the Pacific—'Navy and Army, Illustrated.'
Some Royal Persian Children—'Springfield 'Republican.'
John Richard Green—Abridged from the 'Edinburgh Review.'
The Guardian of Marie Antoinette—'Illustrated London News.'
A Story of the Coal Mines—'The Congregationalist and Christian World.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Fire-Proof Cottons—'Scientific American.'
Is Mental Diversion Mental Rest?—'American Medicine.'
Teaching the Blind to See—By M. Drount, in 'La Nature,' Paris.
The Problem of Flight—'Chambers's Journal.'
The Cry of the Beasts—'The Christian,' London.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Passing of the Beaver.

Among the clearances of the Custom House recently was one of four live beavers. They were consigned to Governor Van Sandt, of Minnesota, from the Minister of Crown Lands of the Province of Ontario, Canada, and were sent from Depot Harbor, Ontario. They will be placed at Itasca Park, the State preserve, at the headwaters of the Mississippi River, and are expected to form the nucleus of a colony.

The shipment of these beavers through Chicago recalls the fact that, like the buffalo, the beaver in its wild state is now almost extinct in the United States. Once it was abundant and widespread. In the

Maine and Adirondack wildernesses, in the Michigan peninsulas, in the headwaters of the Mississippi, in the mountainous portions of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and even Mississippi, and in the forest country between the Mississippi and Puget Sound, its kind was once almost as numerous as that of the fox squirrel. In fact, it is recorded that during the early part of the last century as many as two hundred thousand beaver skins were shipped each year from America to European countries.

Yet to-day it is doubtful if the beaver can be found wild anywhere within the borders of the United States. It has gone entirely from its favorite haunts in the Adirondacks. Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan streams, where once the beaver's work changed the face of the landscape, know it no more. Perhaps in the deepest wilds of Wyoming or Oregon there may still be found a beaver dam here and there and a few of the intelligent little animals that built it. But the beaver as an American animal is practically extinct.

Like the buffalo, the beaver was once most intimately associated with the life and development of this country. Its thrifty habits and remarkable home life; its wonderful dams, canals, locks, houses, and other engineering works, showing an intelligence and skill almost human, made it prominent in the minds of the pioneers of the land and an object of superstition to the Indians. The names of Beaver Falls, Beaver River, Beaver Dam, and Beaver Lake show how strong was the influence exerted by the beaver on the pioneers of the Northern States. For this reason the passing of the beaver is a national loss. But it is one unavoidable in the progress of civilization.—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

Grandfather's Stories.

'So you have been on the look-out for a situation since you left school last Easter, and lost one through not having yourself prepared to see after it in time, and here's the summer nearly over and still you're doing nothing. Isn't that the whole amount of the story, Bob?' said his grandfather. Bob and Willie had been spending a pleasant day on their grandfather's little farm and were now walking, one on each side of him, back to the railway station to take the train home.

'Yes, grandfather, I suppose so; but it's not my fault; the town is so chuck full of fellows ready to jump into a place as soon as it's vacant, there's always someone before me,' answered Bob, wishing his grandfather had let him go on talking about the horses and cows on the farm.

'Well, Bob, if that be so, it's just because they are ready and you are not. Perhaps you don't watch sharp enough for your opportunities and are not brisk about going after them when you see them; that's how your father wrote me word you lost a good place at the biscuit manufactory. You must hold yourself ready and be on the watch if you want to succeed in anything. Slipshod ways won't answer.'

'I'm sure I'm always reading advertisements for boys,' muttered Bob, resentfully.

'Well, that won't amount to much. I'll tell you something that will explain what I mean about being watching and ready,' said his grandfather. 'I once heard of a fine picture which attracted the notice of everyone at an exhibition. It represented a long line of railway with a train sweeping around a curve in the distance. The name of the picture was "The Express," and so like life was the whole thing that people said they could think they heard the rush and roar of the train.

Now, how did the artist manage it? The railway road, with the sleepers and the green grass bank falling away from it, lay before him all day steady enough, but the express only came round that curve once in a day at 5.45, and was gone again in the flash of an instant. How did he do it? Just by watching, watching at the right time and having himself ready in the right position, his colors and his brushes all ready in his hand, prepared and watching; that's the kind of spirit you want more of, Bob.'

Bob hung his head and struck at the weeds on the side of the road with his stick.

'Well, grandfather,' said pale, one-armed Willie, 'you can't be hard on me, or expect me to be as ready as other chaps, when I've only one arm.'

'Aye, Willie, you are a bit handicapped,' his grandfather said, laying his hand kindly on Willie's thin shoulder. He remembered better than Willie did himself, the day the tram-car knocked him down, when he was only five years old, and crushed his arm so badly the doctor had to take it off.

'All the same, boy, don't you fall into the mistake of thinking because you are not so fit as others to work that you can't do anything; you have a turn for figures and writing, only you are slow to trouble to study well and make the best of the gift God has given you, and he has left you your right arm and you could make a good clerk or bookkeeper some day, if only you'd work steadier.

'Now, I've a bit of a story that suits you as the other suited Bob, and, strange enough, it's about another artist.

'This fellow bid fair to be a great painter, but, like you, he met with an accident—only far worse; his back was so injured he would never be able to move, much less to walk again; he was heavily handicapped.

'But he didn't give in. He was so poor he lived in a back attic; all the landscape he could see was just the tops of trees, roofs of houses and a stretch of sky. He set to work to make the best of that; propped up in a chair he worked away, and before long his name had risen high in fame, and people gave high prices for his beautiful pictures just of roofs and tree-tops and sky. He succeeded because, instead of grumbling because he couldn't paint everything he liked to paint, he set himself patiently and steadily to make the very best that could be made of what lay in his power.

'So, Bob, my boy, your word is "watching and ready"; and Willie, lad, yours is just "patient and willing"; and here we are at the station now, and your train just coming in.'—P. K., in 'Great Thoughts.'

The Light of a Thought.

(By Adelaide D. Reynolds, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

'But, mamma, I must go. I promised, and Ida will be expecting me.'

'Very well.' Mamma's voice was weary but patient. 'Get ready, then, and go.'

Mamma had a headache. 'I shall do very well by myself. Papa is away, and I can let everything go and lie down. Perhaps I shall feel better in an hour or two.'

If Ethel had loved her mother less she would have accepted this doubtful assurance and gone carelessly and happily away. But as it was, she made her preparations for the promised visit to a little friend in a lagging and half-hearted way.

But her sorrow was mostly selfish. She was thinking how very hard it was for her that mamma should be sick and spoil her pleasure; and she kissed her mother sulkily as she said good-bye, and left the house.

She reached the top of the hill where she could look down at Ida's house. What good times they had planned! She could see the swing in the old apple tree at the back door and the brook where they were to wade and fish for polly-wogs; and, further on in the pasture, the great, gray rock playhouses and the pool where frogs and mud turtles plunged and dipped so amusingly. It was all delightful, but she wondered how mamma was feeling back there at home all alone. She remembered how dreadfully her own head had ached once when she had the measles. Mamma had dropped everything to sit down and hold her, because she had fancied she could bear it better so. At other times, too, when she had been ill, she had never lacked the comfort of mother's presence, and that she reflected, was what she had always wanted most.

She stood doubtfully for some moments looking soberly down the hill. Then a sudden light transfigured her face.

Running quickly down, she excused herself to Ida on the plea of her mother's illness, and hurried back home. Mamma was lying on a couch, half fainting with pain. Her head was burning, her hands very cold.

Ethel was bright and observing and did not need to be told what to do. She brought the medicine mamma had been too ill to get, and arranging the pillows comfortably, covered the sufferer warmly. Then, bringing a basin of cold water, she bathed the hot forehead with gentle and soothing fingers.

An hour later mamma opened her eyes and smiled, 'I feel better,' she announced, brightly; then, with a long and tender look, 'My good little girlie!'

Ethel knelt beside the couch and kissed her mother again and again, with thankful and penitent fervor. She could not express the thoughts that arose within her, but her mamma understood.

That night the little girl stood in the twilight and gazed musingly up at the sky. It looked larger and grander than usual, she thought, but in what a friendly and protecting way it hung above her! Home, too, seemed dearer, her mother's love more deeply tender, and life itself sweeter. She wondered, happily, why.

She could not guess. But it was the same light that had shone upon her own face that morning—the light of an unselfish thought. She had cherished the thought, and it had grown to generous action and was lighting the world for her now.

Saying Grace.

'Come, come, mamma, to the window!'
Cried Freddie, with eager face;
'Just look at my little biddies—
They are drinking and saying grace.'

I quickly came at his bidding,
And saw a pretty sight;
Six downy little chickens
Drinking with all their might.

And as they sipped the water
They craned their necks on high,
As if their thanks were lifted
To the beautiful blue sky.

And so I could not wonder,
So rapt was his eager face,
That to him the little chickens
Were drinking and saying grace.'
—W. C. Richardson, in 'Sunday Reading.'

LESSON V.—AUGUST 3.

The Tabernacle.

Exodus xl., 1-38. Commit to memory verses 1-3.

Golden Text.

'Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.'—Ps. c., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 28.—Exod. xl., 1-16.
Tuesday, July 29.—Exod. xl., 17-27.
Wednesday, July 30.—Exod. xl., 28-38.
Thursday July 31.—Exod xxxv., 4-19.
Friday, Aug. 1.—Exod. xxxv., 20-29.
Saturday, Aug. 2.—Exod. xxxix., 30-43.
Sunday, Aug. 3.—Heb. ix., 1-14.

Lesson Text.

(1) And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, (2) On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation. (3) And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the vail. (4) And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it; and thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof. (5) And thou shalt set the altar of gold for the incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the hanging of the door of the tabernacle. (6) And thou shalt set the altar of the burnt offering before the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation. (7) And thou shalt set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and shalt put water therein. (8) And thou shalt set up the court round about, and hang up the hanging at the court gate. (9) And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof; and it shall be holy. (10) And thou shalt anoint the altar of the burnt offering, and all his vessels, and sanctify the altar; and it shall be an altar most holy. (11) And thou shalt anoint the laver and his foot, and sanctify it. (12) And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and wash them with water. (13) And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him; that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.

Suggestions.

(From 'Arnold's Practical Commentary.')

The tabernacle consisted of three apartments, the outer court, the sanctuary, and the holy of holies. The entire enclosure was 100 cubits by 50, or allowing 18 inches to a cubit, 50 feet by 75. It was surrounded by fine twined linen screens, hung by silver hooks upon pillars of brass. The tabernacle proper was situated in the western half of this enclosure, and was covered by a large tent spread over it, thus protecting it from sun and rain. It had two apartments. The first, situated towards the east, was called the sanctuary, or holy place. It was 30 feet long and 15 feet wide and contained the altar of incense, the table of shew bread, and the candlestick. The other apartment was called the holy of holies. It was 15 feet each way, thus being a cube, and its only article of furniture was the ark of the covenant. The open court in the front of the tabernacle proper was 75 feet each way, and contained the laver and altar of burnt offering.

2. First Day.—The 1st day of Abib or Nisan, nearly a year from the time they had left Egypt, and more than eight months since the worship of the golden calf.

3. Ark of the testimony.—This was an oblong chest made of acacia wood, overlaid within and without with gold. It was 3¾ feet in length and 2¼ feet in width and depth. Its lid was called the 'mercy seat' and was overlaid with gold, with a golden rim around it. There were two cherubims above the mercy seat, one at each end. Cover the ark—'Screen the ark.'—R. V. This veil or curtain hung between the holy of holies and the holy place, suspended from four pillars. The most holy place, was completely dark, and no one was allowed to enter except the high priest once a year, on the annual day of atonement, the 10th of Tishri (October).

4. The table.—This occupied a place on the north side of the sanctuary. It was made of acacia wood, overlaid with pure gold, and had a rim of gold around it. It was 3 feet in length, 1½ in breadth, and 2¼ in height. The things . . . upon it—The table was provided with dishes and spoons for the frankincense, and with flagons and bowls. Upon it were laid each week loaves of bread, representing the twelve tribes of Israel. The loaves were arranged in two rows of six loaves each, and when removed were eaten by the priests in the sanctuary. The candlestick—This was set on the south side of the holy place. It was made of pure gold and had seven arms. The height of the candlestick is not stated. The lamps—The lamps which were placed on top of these arms were separate from the candlestick and were supplied with pure olive oil (xxvii., 20) from oil vessels. They were lighted and trimmed daily by the priests, who kept them burning continually.

5. The golden altar (R. V.)—This was set in the sanctuary just before the 'screen' which separated it from the ark of the covenant. It was square, being 1½ feet in length and breadth and 3 feet in height. It was made of acacia wood overlaid with pure gold, and had four horns of gold, one at each corner, and a rim of gold round its sides. For the incense—This altar is called the altar of incense, as incense only was burned thereon.

6. Altar of the burnt offering—This sat in the centre of the open court in front of the tabernacle. It was 7½ feet in length and breadth and 4½ feet in height. It was made of acacia wood covered with brass, was without steps, and had four horns, one at each corner. It had pans, shovels, basins, fleshhooks and firepans; for removing ashes, receiving the blood of victims, adjusting the pieces of flesh and carrying coals of fire. xxvii., 1-8.

7. The laver—This was put between the tabernacle and the altar of burnt offering. It was made of brass with a pedestal of brass and was filled with water. Here the priests washed their hands and feet when preparing themselves to enter upon their holy work. xxx., 17-21. It was also used for washing certain parts of the victims. Lev. i., 9.

9. Set up the court—The hangings, or screens, which were to serve as a fence about the court were attached by silver hooks to pillars of brass resting in sockets of brass. There were to be twenty of these pillars on the north and south sides and ten on the east and west sides. The court gate—The gate of the court was on the east side and was 30 feet wide. The hangings of this part differed from the rest by being embroidered like that of the door of the tabernacle. xxvii., 9-19.

9. The anointing oil—This was a particular oil compounded for the purposes here stated and for no other. The Lord had given Moses careful directions both as to the oil and the manner in which it was to be used. xxx., 22-33. It was not to be used upon foreigners, or for the purpose of anointing the flesh, but it was to be holy. And anoint the tabernacle, etc.—'The ceremony of anointing with oil denoted the setting apart and consecration of an object to a holy use.'

12. Wash them with water.—They were to be clean before they ministered before the Lord. This washing symbolized the putting away the 'filthiness of the flesh and spirit' which is urged upon us by the apostle in II. Cor. vii., 1.

13. The holy garments—The attire of the priests, and especially of the high priest, was very elaborate, and is minutely described in chapter xxviii. The sacred dress of the priest consisted of short linen drawers, a tunic of fine linen reaching to the feet, a linen girdle, a linen bonnet or turban, and also a linen ephod which is ascribed to them in I. Sam. xxii., 18. In addition to this the high priest wore 'an outer tunic, called the robe of the ephod, woven entire, blue, with an ornamental border around the neck, and a fringe at the bottom made up of pomegranates and golden bells; an ephod of blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen, with golden threads interwoven, covering the body from the neck to the thighs; a breastplate attached at its four corners to the ephod, and bearing the names of the twelve tribes of Israel on twelve precious stones; and the mitre, a high and ornamental turban, having on the front a gold plate with the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." The priests did not wear their sacred dresses outside of the temple.' Anoint him—The anointing of sacred persons signified that they were set apart to the service of God. The holy anointing oil is an emblem of the Holy Spirit. Sanctify him—The work of consecration was not complete until a ram had been slain and some of its blood had been put upon Aaron's right ear, hand and foot, and sprinkled upon his garments. xxix., 20, 21.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 3.—Topic—The call to separation. II .Cor. vi., 14-18; I. John ii., 15-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SERVING CHRIST AT PLAY.

Mon., July 28.—Be happy at play. Ps. c., 2.

Tues., July 29.—Be honest at play. Prov. xii., 22.

Wed., July 30.—Be modest at play. Ps. cxxxi., 1.

Thu., July 31.—Be fair at play. Prov. iv., 26.

Fri., Aug. 1—Be unselfish at play. Gal. vi., 2.

Sat., Aug. 2.—Be enthusiastic at play. Eccl., ix., 10.

Sun, Aug. 3.—Topic—How to serve Christ at play. Ps. xvi., 5-11.

The Sunday School Messenger Service.

New ideas are springing into being everywhere. In carrying on the work of the Home Department messengers are used to carry literature and other supplies to the members. The idea is now enlarged by the Indiana S. S. Association. But we will let their plan explain itself:

BY-LAWS.

1. This organization shall be known as the Messenger Department of the ..... Sunday school of ..... auxiliary to the Indiana State Sunday School Messenger Service.

2. Its leadership shall be in the hands of a local manager to be appointed by the officers and teachers of the school.

3. Its membership is open to any boy under fifteen who is willing for the work and will agree to the following rules of conduct:

(1) The button badge must only be worn when on duty.

(2) Care must be taken not to soil or mar papers, books or packages to be delivered.

(3) The most prompt service possible must be rendered.

(4) Every messenger must cultivate habits of politeness and Christian courtesy.

(5) All members must be prompt and regular in attendance at Sunday-school.

(6) Tobacco must not be used in any form.

(7) Looking to Christ for help, each member must endeavor to be honest, kind and helpful everywhere.—'Living Epistle.'

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Temperance

The Children's Bitter Cry.

Babes and sucklings doomed to slaughter
In the homes of Bethlehem!
Who, with infant son or daughter,
Thinks without a sigh of them?

Deem we less than diabolic,
Sacrifice of pagan sire,
Who his offspring yields to Moloch—
Yields as fuel for the fire?

Yet before, behind, around us,
Drink has reared its bloody shrine;
Herod's bloody sword has found us;
Moloch cries, "The babes are mine!'

Claims in each young generation,
Early on the altar laid,
Britain's recognized oblation
To the all-devouring 'Trade.'

Mark ye how that pale young lisper
Stops to sip the foaming can?
Hear ye how the demons whisper—
'In the child we mould the man?'

Help, ye powers! from hell's devices
Disenthrall the helpless young;
Stifle not the children's voices,
Else the stones may find a tongue.

Heed their cry, ere cursed fetters
Link their lives to hopeless graves;
Write for them in golden letters—
'Britons never shall be slaves.'
—'League Journal.'

National Woes.

But wine breeds national woes. It has besotted thousands of our soldiers. Like some huge pagan idol, it demands an annual oblation of one hundred thousand of our citizens. This nation of the free makes the offering every year. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also.' Then woe betide the nation that engages in the same wickedness. Have not England and America put the bottle to the lips of Africa? Then woe to England and America. It did not take the United States army long to put the bottle to the lips of Cuba and the Philippines, but it will take the church long years to take that bottle away. Shame upon thee, America. Thy brother's blood cries unto thee from the ground. Forbid it, God, that America should do more to make Cuba drunken than she did to make her free. It is said that Tamerlane called for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, that he might build a pyramid to his own honor. That one ghastly pile of bleaching bones satisfied him. The grim god Bacchus calls for the same. My beloved land, lay thy lips to the dust while God's angel records thy shame. Within the past decade thou has given to Bacchus for his horrid monument one million human skulls. Woe be unto us if some day we must change our sweet, old national hymn to this, but save us, God:

My country, 'tis for thee,
Drunk land of anarchy,
For thee I sigh!
Land where my fathers died,
Land once the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Thy children cry!
—'Michigan Advocate.'

A Commercial Octopus.

The money spent yearly upon drink in the United States furnishes 286,066 men with the chance to earn a living; whereas, if the same sum was spent upon the necessaries of life, it would give work to 1,649,596 men. In other words if the manufacture and sale of liquor were prohibited in the United States and the money diverted to other channels 1,363,530 more men would be given employment to than the drink traffic did.

Correspondence

Fairlight, Assa, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible and I think it pretty. I did not think I would get such a good one. The type is very clear and nice. I think every little girl and boy who wants a Bible should earn one. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I enjoy reading the stories and letters. Some day I should like to write a letter if you could find room for it. EFFIE C.

Middle River.

Dear Editor,—I am a poor cripple confined to bed all the time, but we must submit to the Lord's will be it ever so hard, and especially does pain lead our thoughts beyond this miserable world, to that glorious land where there shall be no more pain; when all disease shall be ended, and when immortality shall be put on; when in the perfect equilibrium of the immortal state the bodies of our humiliation shall be made like unto the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ. I would like to correspond with some kind friends if they will write first, as I am lonesome here in bed all the time. But the 'Messenger' is a companion to me, and I am writing this letter in bed, and so I will send my full address in case some one will write to me and I will answer it by return mail.

P. M. McLENNAN,
Upper Middle River, C.B.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you again to tell you that I was pleased to see my letter in the correspondence. When I write to you last I told you that my father was very sick in the hospital. Well, he died on Sunday, March 16, and I am in the hospital with my ear. I went under an operation for it on May 2, and it is very sore yet. Even when I am in here I love to rear your lovely paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' for I think it is a very nice paper and should have a lot of subscribers. I will be thirteen years old on June 23. N.S.

Shallow Lake, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am just getting over pneumonia, and find the time hangs heavily on my hands, so I will write a letter to the Correspondence Column of the 'Messenger' while I wait for my dinner to be brought to me. I will first describe the village in which I live. Shallow Lake, of 800 inhabitants, is nine miles from Owen Sound. My father was about the first one to live here. We have been here twelve years, and I would not like to move away for anything. There are six general stores, two blacksmiths, one hardware, one baker shop, one drug store, one confectioner's and the post-office; also an hotel and a public library. There are two churches, a Presbyterian and a Methodist. We are Presbyterians. There is also a large public school, with two rooms. Mr. Day is principal. The main feature here is the large cement works. This is the principal thing that keeps the village up. Then there is a pulley and sash and door factory, owned by my father. I think that is all to tell about Shallow Lake. Mr. Day's son, Mr. Bertrand Day, went to the war, but he was killed in the battle of Hart's River, March 31. Great sorrow was felt here and in Owen Sound, for he was a very popular young man. I have one sister, Bernice, and one brother, Clyde. They both attend the collegiate in Owen Sound. I am going to try the entrance examination this year. If I pass I will go to the collegiate too.

HAZEL R. (aged 13).

Sprucedale.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of twelve years of age. I go to Sunday-school and day-school. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. For pets I have two cats and a dog, their names are Darky, Tiny, and Jacko. We have a little baby, whose mother died, and we took him, he is very pretty. He is seven months old, his birthday is on October 11. I hope to see other letters from Sprucedale soon.

FLORA D.

Zephyr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters from other places, but have never seen any from Zephyr. Zephyr is a small village, and has a blacksmith shop, a grist mill, a saw mill, two stores, one hotel, a post-office, two implement shops, two butcher shops, a town hall, two churches, one Methodist, one Presbyterian. I attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school and church. Our pastor's name is Mr. Reid. I am not going to school just now. I am in the fourth book. I have often thought that it would be nice to form a League or Club. ANNIE A. (aged 12).

Eden, Manitoba.

Dear Editor and little Friends—Some time ago I wrote to the 'Messenger,' asking for the words of the song entitled 'The School Room.' I was very much pleased to see my letter in print. The song has very kindly been sent to me by Sylvia B. Beckley, New Cumberland, Pa.; Mr. H. Morgan Meyer, Toronto; Isabella Robertson, Morley, Ont.; Tena Tunks, Rodney, Ont.; and Florence S. Foster, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N.S. Many thanks to you all for being so kind to me. And now I cannot say any more, except that I am very grateful to you all.

ETHEL GROVER.

[Many thanks, Ethel, for the pretty rosebud you enclosed in your letter.—Editor.]

Mail Bag.

Boston, June 30, 1902.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

Gentlemen,—The Women's Mission Circle of our church are going to send copies of your paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' to India, through the Post Office Crusade. What would the postage be on ten copies for a year. Please state, and the money will be forwarded. Yours truly,

ADA M. SPIDELL.

Ans.—The postage on the ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' one year, mailed weekly in a single package will cost $3.64. The subscription for the ten copies, $2.00, making a total of $5.64.—Ed. 'Nor. Mess.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Now I Lay Me.'

(By Rev. W. Russell Collins, in 'The Episcopal Recorder.')

'Now I lay me'—low and sweet,
Said the prayer, with lisping tongue;
Tired little baby feet
Cease from toddling—day is done.

Day is done; yes, night is here;
Darkness follows hours of play;
Gowned for bed, each little dear,
Learns at mother's knee to pray.

'Now I lay me'—soft the hymn,
Falling sweet from baby lips;
Eyelids drooping, light grows dim,
Soft cheeks warm the pillow slips.

'Down to sleep;' so soft they lie;
Safely, fear they naught of ill.
Angels guard them from the sky,
Glad their watches to fulfil.

'Now I lay me down to sleep;'
Both are glad the day is done.
'Pray the Lord my soul to keep;'
Tired of day—this day of fun.

Yes, 'tis a day of play-time now,
Of romping, laughing, singing, fun.
But ev'ning shadows come not slow:
E'en babes are glad the day is done

'Pray the Lord my soul to keep:'
Lightly now they say the prayer,
Heedless of the meaning deep;
Free of sorrow; free of care.

The day is done—the day of fun;
The day of worry, toil and strife,
Comes with the west'ring of the sun,
The welcome eventide of life.

Tired of day, we welcome night;
Glad we hail its quiet and sleep.
Yet, fraught with ill and dark its flight,
We pray Thee, Lord, our souls to keep.

Misunderstood.

('North-Western Advocate.')

Many children travel a thorny path, not because they are not loved, but because they are misunderstood. They are expected by parents and older brothers and sisters to see things as their elders see them and to fully comprehend what is said to them. But even adults do not always do this, and why should children? Their minds must have time to develop, and in the process they often get confused. We know of a little girl of three or four years of age who was told not to do a certain act and she replied, 'I won't.' From this she received the impression that when she would do as she was told she should say, 'I won't.' Not long afterward she was requested to do some simple act, but instead of saying 'I will,' she said 'I won't.' Her father, surprised at this defiance of his authority, severely punished the child for her refusal. Later he was more surprised to learn that he had misunderstood the child, who meant to obey, and he was deeply grieved at his own unjust punishment of her. Children thus often speak and act in ignorance and are punished unjustly. The forms of punishment of children are usually of a character which not only give pain for the moment, but often sadden their lives for years. They are sometimes sent supperless to bed, shut up in dark closets, whipped, snubbed and otherwise punished for offences which in their hearts, at least, they did not commit. It is a satisfaction to know that God never misunderstands his children and that he judges our acts by our motives. He deals tenderly with our unintentional mistakes. So should we deal tenderly with the mistakes of our children.

Tact.

A little boy once said to his mother, when he found himself getting into close quarters about something which they disagreed over; 'Don't make me do it, Mamma; let me do it.'

It is easier to do a thing when they let us do it, than it is when they undertake to make us do it.

Little four-year-old Bud was playing with his older sister, Ethel, when some plaything was wanted from below.

'Bud, you go downstairs and get it.'

The young man hesitated, and looked as if he was thinking. 'You might have said please.'

'But, Bud, you must, I am the mother, and I am the oldest.'

The little chap straightened himself up, and stamped his little foot, and said, 'Well, Ethel, if I must, I won't.'

Bud had a great deal of human nature, and Ethel was slightly lacking in tact. If the older brothers and sisters will put on fewer airs, and less authority they will get on much better managing their little brothers and sisters than they do when they are trying to show off their dignity. Patience and meekness help much about managing little ones.—'Christian Observer.'

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